

Oh! could another's joy not part!
My hopes of happiness from thine,
How would I clasp him to my heart,
And twine his wedding bliss with mine.
I love &c.

But since I cannot love thee less,
Oh grant me still this one desire,
That none thy treasure may possess,
Unless his breast feel honor's fire.
I love &c.

Oh! none can compass all thy worth,
Thy sweetness, grace, intelligence,
Virtues with which God decked thy birth,
The jewels of thine excellence.
I love &c.

Devoted object of his care,
Amid sweet nature's lovely things,
She made thee fairest of her fair,
In beauty's bright imaginings.
I love &c.

If one slight glance of thine betray
The erring sense of gazing youth,
Another and a brighter ray,
Leads back to virtue and to truth.
I love &c.

Thus fire gives gold a brighter gloss,
But tarnishes impure alloy;
And disappointment's trial cross